Miscellaneous Poems

EDWARD R. HUXLEY.

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HUXLEY'S POEMS

Edward P. J. Kinsley

Miscellaneous Poems

BY

Edward R. Huxley

With Illustrations

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Emma E. Huxley.

TO my beloved companion dear,
This book I dedicate,
Who in some bright celestial sphere
Reunion doth await.

Naught can break love's golden chain
That binds congenial souls,
As one in thought they still remain,
Will ever thus unfold.

THE AUTHOR.

Preface

In this book of poems I have endeavored to express in a candid, instructive and agreeable manner what I believe to be true, regardless of public opinion or former teachings. Truth needs no apology.

FEW to the mark, no matter where
The chips may chance to fall,
As they, like errors of the past—
We would not them recall.

Nor would we cover up a fact
For fear of public frown,
Or favor doctrines old and stale,
In hopes to gain renown.

'T is reason's lamp that lights the world,
And truth the choicest flower;
Knowledge leads through radiant fields,
And love the guiding power.

THE AUTHOR.

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The Miser's Will

THE miser sat in his rickety chair,
His visage downcast through illness and care.
Encircling his head was a bandage white,
Completely concealing one eye from sight.
The doctor could see scarce any amend,
Expressed the thought, he was nearing his end;
Which woke no emotion in his calloused heart,
But inwardly grieved, from this life to depart.
Not a thought to relax his grasping hand,
Or divide his wealth with his fellow man.

He frequently winced from incessant pain,
Whil'st harassing problems flit through his brain.
The foremost one of all others combined,
Now came with great force, depressing his mind.
This was in regard to forming his will,
Knowing that he was exceedingly ill.
Betwixt his distress of body and mind,
'T was irksome indeed, a solvent to find.
Then his thoughts would return to former days,
And muse of his scheming and crafty ways.

Now life's panorama in spite of restraint,
Of ghastly scenes with indelible paint,
To his weary mind did slowly unfold,
Like a nightmare weighed on his gloomy soul.
Then all at once with a depressing sigh
Says "Send for a lawyer, I'm going to die!"
In haste lawyer Hinchman was summoned in,
It was thus the sad miser did begin:
"Hinchman, I want you to draw up my will
And be sure therein my request you fill."

The lawyer now seated with pen and ink,
"Wait!" said the miser, "give me time to think;
As to my wife, why, she's got all she 'll need,
She always an unworthy tramp would feed;
Her next man, too, would come in for a share.
No, Hinchman, for such I have nothing to spare.
Her love for me now ain't any too strong—
Will scarcely moan when she knows I am gone.
I' ve seen too much of such things in my life,
Can't help being harsh if she is my wife.

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"The lawyer now seated with pen and ink,
'Wait!' said the miser, 'give me time to think'."

If my son Tim to his farm will hold fast,
He 'll ever be out of poverty's grasp.
Evincing such thrift 't is useless you know,
The least of my means on him to bestow.
But here I 'm perplexed, my next son, Eugene,
He 's ever dazed with accursed morphine,
In an asylum will soon end his days;
Bound for perdition, if he don't mend his ways.
For me to bequeath to him, I would say
'T is worse by far than to throw it away.

Now Jack's only aim is to wear fine clothes,
Don a silk hat, and at theaters pose,
Have colored butlers, and fine prancing steeds,
As he views the case, 't is all that he needs.
He 's heard my monition many a day:
Time was nearing when he 'd pay his own way,
Would earn his own money by the sweat of his brow,
Would then know its worth far better than now.
So nary a farthing he 'll get from me,
I have said this before, and now he will see.

And Lew is lazy, he won't go to school,
I 'm almost tempted to call him a fool.
He sha'nt have my money to throw away,
And go lounging about day after day.
His mother encouraged him in that course;
Let him spend her money, 't will be no worse.
I have not been saving all of this while
To fling to the winds on a shiftless child.
Think of the comforts myself have denied,
What of my earnings, when I 'm laid aside?

But dear daughter Fanny saddens my heart
When contemplating we ever must part,
Regret she made such a woeful mistake,
Secretly marrying a dissolute rake.
He thought he would get my money you see,
There is just where he and I disagree.
I feel like swearing when I think of him,
I tell you my wrath flows plum to the brim.
I 'll cut his corners, you see if I don't,
He sha'nt have a cent, that you may note.

But Hinchman, of all, I can't deny her,
No matter what has, or what may occur.
To her I bequeath that princely estate
Near Castle Garden, don't make a mistake,
But arrange it so that rascally scamp,
In case she should die, will be left a tramp.
Say, Hinchman, I believe I 'll postpone this will,
I must take more time the main points to fill.
Perhaps was hasty in calling you here,
You may think me fickle in it I fear.

I 'm feeling some better than when you came,
In sending for you I 'm somewhat to blame.
Please tear up that document you 've commenced,
I 'll try and manage my business hence.
I have made up my mind I *will* not die;
By the powers, high and low, each I defy!
How my heirs would rejoice to see me go,
Hinchman, I want never to please them so.
All the wealth I have gained I say is mine,
And shall ever be, to the end of time."

The Banner of Love

WHEN will the Banner of Love unfurl,
And wars forever cease,
Each man have equal rights in the world,
A ceaseless reign of peace?
When man, will his selfishness exchange
For love unmixed with guile,
Desire for conquest, and lust for gain
Has ceased him to defile.

Then friendship's clasp will embrace the earth
Discarding the metes and bounds;
Then man no longer by war coerced,
Will kneel to golden crowns;
Then spears will be changed to pruning hooks
And swords to plowshares beat,
All earth rejoice at the bright outlook
The Banner of Love to greet.

The Earth

THE earth by man was once supposed
A flat extending plane,
A vast expanse which floated 'round
Upon the briny main;
Now proved to be of spheral form
And circling 'round the sun;
As with the orbit of the stars
Its constant course doth run.

At first a barren, lifeless ball,
No vegetation seen;
No trees, no flowers, nor mossy banks,
No fields of verdant green;
No tranquil lakes, nor rippling streams,
No life of any kind;
But all one vast volcanic scene,
Chaotic, yet sublime.

Millions of ages winged their way,
Geologists now state,
Ere gaseous fumes and heat subside—
So they might fix a date
Wherein conditions would justify,
As facts to them appear,
For living creatures to exist
Within that atmosphere.

When sufficient moisture gathered there
For vegetative use,
Reptiles of most hideous forms
Were among the first produced.
And man, long ages afterwards,
In lowest type appeared,
And midst the beasts and elements
His bark as best he steered.

Till now he stands the crowning light
Of all that him surround;
Whil'st earth through his increasing skill
In beauty doth abound.
And as we retrospective gaze
Upon that lifeless ball,
Our bosom swells with honest pride
As we man's steps recall.

The World Moves

WHY cling tenacious to a creed
That subtle man has made,
Or deem the ancient in advance
Of now, the present age.
Said Galileo, "the world moves,"
Does it recede, alas!
Are those now of the present stage
As naught, with ages past?

What means this independent thought,
Has Apollyon took the lead?
This wondrous age of reason,
Is it him that 's sown the seed?
Filling the world with honest doubt
Of sacred legends old,
And now emphatically demands
Bring proof for what you hold.

Too long already has been placed
The seal upon man's lips,
Life's blood from many a martyred man,
From bigot's sword has dripped.
The world grows brighter day by day,
Man soon will cease to slay
His brother who has different views,
Or what he 's pleased to say.

The Seeds We Sow

AH, our passed life we know,
As onward we go
Down the endless pathway of time;
But the future is where
We should place our care
Above all the others combined.

It is best all should know
The seeds here we sow
Are gathered and held there in store.
And 't is well that you see
From tares they are free,
For fear you regret evermore.

Habit

WHEN Habit once has fixed its seal,
'T is hard, we find, to sever;
And often to its mandate yield,
When Prudence dictates, "never."

Oft' latent habits play their part,
Unconsciously we 're held;
And when subdued oft' break the heart
Thus ruthlessly compelled.

It lures us on from day to day,
When once it has us fast,
Dictates and ever leads the way,
We held within its grasp.

Please ponder o'er this subject grave,
Be on thy guard each day,
Lest you 're by Habit made a slave,
Progression thus delayed.

Be cautious, shield each step with care
Which thru earth's pathways lie,
That no base Habit may ensnare,
To cloud thy mental sky.

Knowledge

KNOWLEDGE, the guiding star of man,
Without it, like a ship at sea
Unmanned, and far out sight of land,
In grasp of wind and waves would be.
Wisely guided, it lights man's path,
And points the way to brighter fields,
With love and truth in its behalf,
Abundant recompense doth yield.

Man: whence and whither

PRE-EMINENT in the deepest minds,
From ancient sage to present time,
In this and every enlightened land,
Is, whence and whither, this called man.
Traditions, legends, of his birth
Were weighed and held of little worth.

They've searched through misty days of yore,
Traversed this globe from shore to shore,
In hope to find in recess old
Some clew this secret to unfold,
That would dispel this darksome gloom
And lift man from his mystic tomb.

Each nook with microscopic sight,
Was scanned, in hope to bring to light,
Primitive man with scarce a soul—
Thereby a wonderous tale unfold,
How by process long, severe
He 's reached the height of present sphere.

Proceeding from a cause unknown,
From earth environs he has grown;
In grooves of thought, numerous, wide,
As sands washed by the ocean tide,
Varying in breadth and depth of soul,
As case permits him to unfold.

Now, as he stands in broad noon-day,
  Viewing the breadth of time each way—
These earnest thoughts pass through his mind:
  Is there an end of man or time,
Or does time ever onward roll,
  And man possess an endless soul?

Or does he live a few brief years,
  And then forever disappear;
His bark strand on a lifeless shore,
  A forlorn wreck forevermore,
Naught but a bubble on life's sea,
  Resulting in nonentity?

Since man possessed a reasoning brain,
  These thoughts have come, and oft' remain,
With yearnings great, beyond control;
  For truths that he might grasp and hold,
Knowledge on which he could depend,
  And doubt at once forever end.

When reason sheds its fulgent light,
  Erroneous thoughts are put to flight;
And those who seek will surely find,
  Facts to disabuse their mind,
And set to rest a longing deep,
  That death is not an endless sleep.

The Still Small Voice

IF you would live quite free from sin,
Listen to the still small voice
Which is the monitor within,
If heeded ne'er will bring remorse.

Oft' heedless of this guide divine;
Groping through life's course we move,
'T is thus too oft' we go it blind
In selfish, willful, sinful groove.

Then let us all, henceforth, begin,
Guided by a love divine,
To heed the monitor within,
Which e'er insures a tranquil mind.

Angel Hosts

MORTAL man is oft' controlled
By angel hosts unseen,
Aiding him to here unfold,
More happiness to glean.

Many years with them have gone
Since traversing this sphere,
They now do guide our bark along,
The rocks and shoals to clear.

Folk-Lore

IF it were so, how truly good 't would seem,
That all do search the naked truth to find.
Exclude the myths, that are as childish dreams,
Ever destined to fog the human mind.

The rural tales that old folks used to spin
To those assembled round the glowing hearth,
Legends untrue, and yet 't was thought no sin,
As oft' transformed their thoughts to mirth.

Trained from infancy in such mystic lore,
Would grow to think that some perhaps were true,
And hasten to repeat as those before,
Until stern reason bade them change their views.

The magic of the moon with some holds sway,
To zodiacal signs, too many hold.
'T is hard to rid the mind of these to-day,
They seem to sink within the very soul.

Myriads of signs and omens handed down,
Mingled with foolish whims, and queer belief;
Void of logic, inconsistent, and unsound,
Which often leads the thoughtless into grief.

The Angel Mother

SORROW not my precious children,
As you wend life's lonely way.
This may solace: I am with you,
Watching o'er you night and day.

When earth's sojourn here is ended,
In celestial fields we 'll roam.
I will meet you at earth's portal,
Escort you to our Angel home.

All your sorrows then will vanish,
Bright will be your cloudless sky.
Hence, be patient in your waiting,
For the gladsome "bye and bye."

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"This may solace: I am with you,
Watching o'er you night and day."

The Bigot's Garb

THOSE wrapped in creeds and dogmas old,
So held in great repute,
Disrobe from them, they 've threadbare [grown,
And don a modern suit.
One more becoming with the times,
Bright gems of earnest thought.
The warp and woof of golden truths
Through dauntless martyrs wrought.

Divest yourselves of pious "cant"
Deceptions arrant fount,
Apollyon wore the self same garb
With Jesus on the mount.
'T is old and shoddy as your creeds,
Long since gone out of style;
Try on a suit of modern facts,
Discarding all your guile.

Why cling to legends gray with age,
Which eagerly you sought,
While present demonstrated truths
Do scarce give them a thought.
You will in time cast off the myths
As worthless old debris;
Will weigh each thought in reason's scale.
Thus loose your bigotry.

Kindly Deeds

EACH this gem of thought should heed,
Noble acts and kindly deeds,
Are more valuable than pearls,
When you reach the other world.

Man's selfishness then would cease,
Deadly strife would end in peace,
Vice and want no longer stay,
Life one joyous holiday.

The World's Excursion

(For Children's Recitation.)

WE have planned for an excursion,
For the people of this globe,
Regardless of your present state,
Or the texture of your robe.

No distinction will be given
As to color, or of caste,
If in a lowly hovel born,
Or mansion made of glass.

Will be no first or second class
To cause a separation,
In this extended pleasure trip,
Comprising every nation.

We 'll lay aside conflicting views,
That spring from social wrong,
And in fraternal brotherhood,
Unite in heart and song.

That fancied gulf 'twixt nations now,
Will, as phantoms, disappear,
And on this gay, protracted tour,
May your friendship prove sincere.

'T will be the most exalted trip
That mortals ever planned,
United as one family,
Nations of every land.

The world with one accord must join
This majestic enterprise,
As in union, you have heard it said,
The greatest strength oft' lies.

These gladsome days will soon be here,
Then stand by one another,
Ne'er let one selfish thought creep in,
Be true and loving brothers.

Now, this excursion trip will last
Through life upon this ball,
And when the final end is reached,
You will have a higher call.

Gossipers

AVOID them, as a serpent's hiss,
If in this course they do persist;
Ne'er listen to their artful tales,
Who would their neighbors oft' assail.

Their poisonous tongue often rends
The good opinion of your friends.
Sifting their prattle, if you do,
Scarce a word you 'll find is true.

Plagues of Egypt, will not compare
With the scandal oft' they bear,
Approaching with deceptive smile,
With full intent, you to beguile.

Traduce, perhaps, your nearest friend,
Who is not present to defend.
Pray do not mention this, they say,
My confidence do not betray.

Do you not think hades the place,
For such a portion of this race?
Whose malignant course, oft' defame,
And blight perhaps an honest name.

Let each who views this, search within,
And see, if free from a like sin.
If not, at once commence to cleanse;
Of those you wronged, try make amends.

What and Where

WHAT are you and where now tending,
On life's pathless, fitful sea,
Are you but a useless ending
Of all there was and is to be;
Or are you for a fixed purpose,
Have a work none else can do,
Filling a nook that was intended
Here especially for you?

If the latter, then be moving,
Linger not by the way side;
Make a showing of your labor
You can view with honest pride.
Then when comes the sweet transition
Earth ones often miscalled death,
You will have no sad misgivings,
Knowing you have done your best.

Man's Progression

MAN is but a tiny atom,
On the endless shores of time,
Of rude beginning, though unending,
To this opinion we 're inclined.
A germ from out the fount eternal,
Endowed with thought, what e're that be,
Ever nearing the supernal,
As all who reason, will agree.

Traversing these earthly fields,
Interspersed with varying scenes,
In his sojourn storing knowledge,
Whil'st on the staff of reason leans.
His unfoldment never ceasing,
Thus evolution plainly shows,
Always sifting facts from error,
As up the steeps of time he goes.

Watch his footsteps slow ascending,
From his lowly forest home,
Onward, ever been his watch-word,
Whil'st to present status grown.
Looking upward for assistance,
Reaching downward, aiding those
That perchance might be beneath him,
Transmitting to them what he knows.

Life

WERE I to write an ode on life,
The question comes, What would I say?
As penetrating thought, most rife
Has failed to clear the mist away.

It manifests in myriad forms,
The thoughtful, on them wondering gaze,
And fain would know from whence 't is borne,
And where this latent power lays.

Each atom in this universe,
Is pregnant with a vital force,
To every form it giveth birth,
Yet none can trace it to its source.

They Say I 'm Getting Old

THEY say I 'm getting old, alas;
'T is true my hair is gray,
And three score years with me have passed
On this my earthly way.

I scarce can see a difference now
Than thirty years ago,
Except some wrinkles on my brow,
My movement somewhat slow.

Now when I laugh and merry seem,
May dance a step or two,
They say my actions are extreme,
Such course I soon will rue,

Or when I out a walking go,
They often to me call,
"Watch where you step, you 're getting old,
And liable to fall!"

They want me now to look sedate,
Have long and solemn face;
That levity is not in state,
But wholly out of place.

In fact they watch my every move,
And caution me each day,
That I from out the proper groove
Unthinkingly, might stray.

Perhaps I 've reached decrepitude—
My second childhood days,
In years gone by were sometimes rude,
As they, in youthful days.

'T is thus of life, the strong grow weak,
Our children take our place,
While we a quiet corner seek,
They must our hardships face.

Self Conviction

BITTER, the bread produced by those enslaved,
In it I taste their sweat and tears,
And feel their sunken hopes and fruitless years;
For this I deem myself a knave,
A sentence grave.

My clothes they choke, and irritate me sore,
Mournful I sigh, my heart is sad,
Musing of the producer, clothed in rags;
Such injustice I do deplore,
Forever more.

Within its stately walls, my palace home,
My soul so oft' is filled with dread,
Vain would I have its builders in my stead,
Exchange with those without a home,
Henceforth would roam.

I 've ate the fruit of the forbidden tree,
Have scorned the rights of fellow man;
Now, self-convicted, penitent, I stand
And long that man, through equality
Be ever free.

The Trend of Modern Research

REMOTE from ancient superstitious views,
Of priestly source, who sat and vainly mused,
And seemed to see in nature's abstruse plan,
Secret works of some mysterious hand.

It is not what some holy records state,
That men of thought, with bated breath now wait,
But delving deep in natures endless mine,
Search for facts, that they may aid mankind.

From the infinitesimal atom here,
To cosmic universe of spheres;
Their aim, and zeal, with modern skill to aid,
Is, truth may come to light, whil'st errors fade.

Too long on vague hypothesis man 's leaned,
Of demonstrated facts he 's scarcely dreamed.
There 's naught but proof that satisfies the mind,
Without, 't is blind, that simply lead the blind.

The trend of modern research is to know!
Thus, to the world a legacy of facts bestow,
To light man's course, as doth the orb of day,
Dispelling mists of error from his way.

The Ship of Zion

BEHOLD the vast concourse drifting along
On misty tradition's whimsical tide,
Depending on faith to weather the storm,
Whil'st on the ship Zion resignedly ride.
No thought bestowed on this antiquate craft
Unworthy the name of a modern sail,
But on its gray deck thoughtlessly bask,
Confiding in myths, both musty and stale.

That heavenly port you 're aiming to reach,
Like the ocean mirage seen in the sky,
When you are landed on death's dreary beach,
You will find in dismay, 't was in your mind's eye.
Why further pursue that will-o'-the-wisp,
Through the dense marsh of mental decay,
'T is truly a phantom, why not desist,
And travel where reason lights up the way?

Parent's Solace

ANOTHER call to higher spheres,
From out our quiet ville,
Causing a void in home and hearts,
There 's only one can fill.
Just in the morning of life's day,
Joyous and undefiled—
Was called to join the spirit bands,
A bright and happy child.

Death 's but the opening of a door
That leads to higher joys;
More lovely scenes than earth affords
To those, her girls and boys.
Why then lament that blissful change
When they are called to go,
You surely do not wish for them
Earth's bitter cup of woe?

Their spirit home is not so far
But what they oft' return,
As couriers from that sunny shore
Of which they 'd have you learn.
With thoughts as pure as choicest flowers
That send their fragrance forth,
Striving with their united powers
To cheer your lonely course.

Not One Soul Lost

THROUGH man's unending stage,
As viewed in higher sphere,
Chronicled in every age,
By those earth would revere;
Those that scanned his progress here,
From remote stage of life,
Realized his hope and fear,
His joy and deadly strife.

Find that all, no matter what
Their earth career has been,
Whether grief or joy their lot,
Or how they met their end;
Each will reach that self-same goal,
As time speeds on its way,
Nor can there be one lost soul,
Though myriads may delay.

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"As now I gaze on your infantile form
That soon must face life's bitter storms."

The New Comer

WHEN night had spread its mantle o'er the earth,
A mother to a darling babe gave birth.
The clock hands pointed to the hour of three,
From natal bondage it then was ever free.

Adding one more to numbers here untold,
The primal course their being to unfold,
Subject to changing scenes of joy and woe,
But what 's in store for thee, we little know.

Numerous paths and intricate you 'll find,
Conditions ever needful for the mind,
Sunshine and shadows seem to interblend,
That mark life's rugged pathway to the end.

As now I gaze on your infantile form,
That soon must face life's bitter storms,
I hope that truths which thoughtful minds impart
Will much assist to guide your earthly bark.

You 'll find this world is filled with good and bad,
Some joyous days and some extremely sad.
Now that you 're here, there is no better way,
Than to bravely face your duty, day by day.

O'er rocky steeps, as well as sunny planes,
Due vigilance is what you must maintain;
In other words—be ever on your guard,
Or often times you 'll find your motives barred.

Along life's route there 's paths that intersect,
That lead astray, which you must need detect,
Or time is lost that you can never gain,
While you inhabit this terrestial plane.

And then again, along some line of thought,
Grave doctrines, that for ages have been taught,
These you should weigh with calm and thoughtful mind
And glean the truths, if any there you find.

But let your reason have unbounded sway,
'T will light your path, and guide you on your way,
And when you 've ended this, your earthly sphere,
Of other climes you 'll need to have no fear.

My Boyhood Days Upon the Farm

MY boyhood days upon the farm
Gives pleasure to relate,
My children gather 'round me now
And eager do await,
To hear the tales oft' to them told—
But ever have their charms,
Of scenes which there took place with me
Ere I had left the farm.

To college 't was my lot to go,
My parents to me said
That I a graduate must be—
In highest branches read;
That some profession I must take,
The farm is growing small
For such increasing family
To make a living all.

I never shall forget the scenes
That met my youthful eyes,
To me it seems most like a dream,
As they in fancy rise.
The old farm house, extending fields
Of golden waving grain,
Where oft' we plowed, sowed and reaped,
Our livelihood to gain.

And yet were many happy hours
  Oft' woven in between,
That brightened up our daily toil
  And made our lives serene.
And when I think of that old farm,
  Or some connecting scene,
I often wish I could return,
  Once more its pleasures glean.

As when I rambled o'er the fields,
  Or midst the shady grove,
Where oft' with robust, gleeful lads
  In concert there did rove.
To boat and fish, or swimming go,
  Down by the old mill pond,
Or picking berries down the lane;
  Of each were very fond.

And then what joy in nutting time,
  When Autumn days drew near,
To climb the lofty hickory trees
  Without the least of fear;
With cudgel send them rattling down
  To leafy ground below,
Then when our sacks were crowded full
  We trudging home would go.

I 've gained repute in legal lore;
  Have served my country well
As officer and minister,
  Not boasting, this to tell.
Have seen the guilded side of life,
  Know its alluring charm,
But don't compare with boyhood days
  I had upon the farm.

Search for Truth

WHEN will this plodding world outgrow
The dogmas of the past;
Seek fearlessly the truth to know,
And dauntless hold it fast?

When will they, too, discard the myths
Of generations gone,
Who, truth with sophistry did twist,
Till right was seeming wrong?

'T is when from myths, and legends free—
Rubbish of long ago—
They 'll cease to search on withered trees
Where fruit has ceased to grow.

Or needless trace some foreign field
In search of golden grain,
When home unceasingly doth yield
The wealth they would obtain.

The Parson's Guest

A young man one time was invited to dine
As a parson's honored guest,
He, as you 'll find, was caught napping this time
And thus was put to the test.
Grace just had been said, when the parson who lead
In passing the food to his guest—
When it came his turn, as you will discern,
Unthinking, said he would "pass."
It was just the night before, which, now he deplores,
He was playing euchre, alas!
E're the parson supped, said, "I order you up,"
As this game to him was well known.
This he dare not ignore, thus, made for the door,
Exclaiming, "I 'll go it alone!"

So it is we find, with the most of mankind,
No matter their station or zone,
Just at the right time, it 's a blessing they find
If able to go it alone.

Look Within

IT is hard oft' times to be good,
As we traverse this mundane sphere,
To conduct ourselves as we should;
The brambles and pitfalls to clear.

When you look back over the past,
Are there no mistakes to behold,
No acts you would recall, alas,
No faults that you should control?

Sit you down and carefully pen
An invoice of your inner soul;
May come to the conclusion then,
In goodness, yet, you might unfold.

If each, as said, their life review,
On their own horoscope will see
A grand and noble work to do,
From ills of life to be set free.

Be careful, then, what seed you sow,
Lest you might reap sorrow and pain,
Seeds are thoughts and acts you 'd know,
That generate within the brain,

Labor and Leisure

THE working world dream of pleasures
That absence of labor will bring,
Constantly yearning for leisure,
Of its rapture e'er longing to sing.

Could they but control Father Time,
Their pleasing air-castles would build.
Assuredly then they would find
Their measures of ecstacy filled.

Ask of those who are unemployed,
Those holding this magic wand,
If leisure is always enjoyed
When wholly at their command.

Response doth come, 't is this: alas!
Inaction wearies more than toil,
And those who try to shirk their task
Their earthly mission spoil.

Our Swimming Hole

OUR swimming on Rountree Creek,
About one mile from town,
Makes my heart leap with youthful joy,
When memory hovers 'round.
The dam was built of logs and brush,
Smeared with sand and clay,
Which like our hopes in future years,
Was sometimes washed away.

Oft' retrospective thoughts renew
Those blissful sunny days;
Oh, would that I once more was placed,
'Midst their enchanting rays.
How ardently we longed for spring
To break its frozen tomb;
That we, a score of hardy youths,
Our pent up joys resume.

We scarce could wait for summer sun
Those chilling waters warm,
Than we upon those turfy banks
In gleeful groups would form,
Shedding our clothes as down the path
In single file we speed,
That circled 'round the willow marsh
Which to the pond did lead.

Between tree trunks, or on some bush,
Or strewn upon the ground,
Our hats and pants and hickory shirts
Promiscuously were found.
And then such strife to see which one
First plunged into the stream,
'T was often, too, the buttons flew
In this contesting scene.

Ah me, that foaming, rolling pool
Encircled to our waist,
We dove, we splashed, and leaped about,
Then too; the swimming race,
Would climb the banks, and play leap-frog,
Our bodies striped with clay;
Then in the liquid frothing flood,
Again resumed our play.

'T was not until the western sun
Cast long and deepening shades,
That with blue lips and shriveled hands,
Reluctant out did wade.
Then quickly hustling on our clothes,
We homeward wend our way;
At night to dream of pleasures past,
To be renewed next day.

With the Times Keep Pace

'TIS said by some, that all is just,
That nothing can be wrong;
A loving Father guides our bark
And moves the world along.

That what seems wrong is surely right,
If we His sequels knew;
Whereas, through His omnipotence,
All things are just and true.

Are tornadoes, and pestilence,
And famines o'er the land,
Held in their destructive course
By His protecting hand?

When children, from their parents torn,
Left here to fight their way
Amidst a cold and selfish world;
Can this be just, we say?

Similiar scenes, in myriad forms,
  Are daily passing by;
Can we to them close eyes and ears,
  Or these plain facts deny?

Then let us use our reasoning powers,
  No longer held by faith;
And search, and try to reach the truth,
  And with the times keep pace.

Riddance

IF honest, candid people knew
Just when, where, and what to do,
Doctors, lawyers, and willsome priests,
Their mission here would surely cease;
Would have to seek some better end
Than prey upon their fellow man.

'T is strange, indeed, all do not see
Such worthless, base absurdities,
And institute at once a fight,
Rid from their midst these parasites.
Too long, too long, these drones have thrived;
Grown sleek and fat within your hive.

If you the laws of health observe,
In fellowship each other serve,
Are just in all your dealings here,
Of the future have no fear;
Can then dispense with those we 've named,
On you, henceforth, they 'll have no claim.

An Entreaty for Peace

WHEN will earth's nations in unison join,
Their corrupting armies disband;
Forming a social confederation,
That will reach throughout the land?

Then devastations of wars would cease,
Vain conquest which ever brings woe,
Will then give place to a reign of peace,
And efface our once deadly foe.

The war cry, surrender, surrender or die!
'T is ever the cruel demand;
Why further cling to this barbaric course
For ages has cursed every land?

Oh, hasten the time when nations agree
To lay down their swords and their guns,
And settle disputes in some peaceful way
Than the lives of their heroic sons.

Our Object in Life

IS it to labor for wealth and fame
Regardless of every one else,
That blatant throngs may herald our name
And potentates may drink to our health;
To trample down what comes in our way,
So we but secure our ends,
Selfishly hoarding the comforts of life,
Unthoughtful of even our friends?

How do you think our lives will compare,
When judged in the courts above,
With those bowed down with burdens and care,
Yet filled with true goodness and love?
And also those whose lives have been spent
In aiding the poor of the land;
Would we in their presence feel content,
Or self-condemned would we stand?

Evolution of Man

BACK through misty scenes of yore,
Remote from deluge days of Noah,
Or Eden with its noted pair,
In search of facts, receding bear,
Exploring, pass o'er barren fields
That now abundant harvest yields,
Through dense forests, o'er mountain range,
Across deep seas and desert plains,
O'er vast expanse and obscure time,
The starting point of man to find.

Passing his protoplastic state,
We 'll view him at a later date,
When more advanced in stage of life,
Presenting scenes of fiercest strife,
Environed with foes on every hand,
Including nature's stern demand.
Beings that you would loathe to claim
Are your ancestors, all the same;
Yet 't is encouraging to see
How man 's attained this high degree;
Instead of perfect beings made,
They step by step have reached this grade.

To some, preposterous it may seem,
A vague, discordant, foolish dream,
That man when first he viewed the light
Was a savage of lowest type,
Naked and dumb, pursued his way
In search of food like beast of prey.
Though lightning flashed and tempest raged,
And on him fiercest warfare waged,
Fearless he wends earth's darksome way,
Slowly unfolding day by day;
Fishing and hunting daily pursued
With implements extremely rude.

As ages passed on wings of time,
Man's progress has been slow, we find;
Emerging from his cavern deep,
He next is found with herds and sheep,
In tents of skins he now resides,
And doubtless feels some inward pride
To note the growth of his career,
Than when he used the bow and spear.
More civilized he then became,
And thoughts less crude more frequent came.
His frontal brain increased in size;
In many things became more wise.

To express desire, words were framed,
Thus language slowly to him came.
Rude garments he began to wear
Which hid from sight his coat of hair.
Tiring of migratory life,
Of constant change and bitter strife,
A husband man he now is found.
With forked stick he tills the ground,
Growing more skilled in many ways.
Slight signs of art he now displays,
And from his dingy tent we find
Into a cottage he has climbed.

Advancing now with quickened stride
Through gates of progress opened wide,
And avenues that have no end
Most willingly his thoughts doth wend.
Science, literature, and art,
Conceived by him oft' played their part
In his unfoldment to maintain,
To broaden and expand his brain.
Light from celestial fields above
Illume his soul with sacred love,
His vicious passions to allay,
That nobler powers he might display.

Concluding our retrospective course
  In tracing man to primal source,
Would say of homogeneous class
  Distinct remain though ages pass.
So, from the prehistoric man
  Conceding but a just demand,
Must yield to him our starting place—
  The germ of all the human race.
We now have reached the present date
  Still time speeds on with rapid rate;
Man's limit we will never find,
  Onward will move through endless time.

Past, Present and Future

PAST, present and future, comprising the whole,
Ceaseless and endless for man to unfold.
In thought, through infinite space he ascends,
No limit to growth, no beginning nor end.
Onward, may traverse the glittering fields,
The more you advance, more beauty it yields.
No halt in your progress, the days are as one,
You ne'er reach the goal, your course never run.

Past, present and future, they are as one,
Precisely the same, as never begun.
Past, present and future, the three combined
Are unfoldings, or growth of the mind.
When strictly defined, 't is the eternal, now,
Which reflection proves, as each will allow.
The past and the future are relative terms,
That deep meditation clearly discerns.

Adverse Desires

WHEN tempestuous waves of trouble roll,
Merging life's hopeful longings of the soul,
Annihilation would then seem most sweet,
To rest beneath the calm oblivion deep.

Where all emotions of the soul are stilled,
No more of life's delusive castles build,
Desire, what e'er he was, there 's naught remains
But sleep, the sleep that never wakes again.

When love's celestial calm the storm allays,
The sun of joy returns, makes glad our ways,
We would the soul live on through endless years,
Bright star of hope shines thro' the glittering tears.

The clouds send forth their pearly drops of rain,
Assist to bring the fruits and flowers and grain.
Thus, storms of grief that cloud our earthly way
May aid life's germs, make bright the future day.

Page 73 "In youth I sought thy trailing vine,
And kissed thy flowery lips sublime."

The Morning Glory

IMPERIAL gem of floral fame,
Entitled thus by rank and name.
What angel shaped thy trumpet form,
And caused thy bloom at early morn?

Displaying shades of varied hue,
White tinged with purple, pink, and blue.
Artly arranged with choicest care,
As by some floral angel fair.

In youth I sought thy trailing vine,
And kissed thy flowery lips sublime.
E'en now to greet thee, wend my way,
Ere orient hues have cleared away.

Cheerfully musing, pass along
Absorbed in nature's joyous song,
Sweetly blending with every soul
That would their being here unfold.

Seated beneath the arbor wide,
Peering forth o'er head and side,
Thou flowery bells, pure and serene,
Encircled in thy leafy green.

The bee has found thy glossy cup,
In hope to gain a honey sup,
Whilst feathered songsters' morning lay,
In concert join, to cheer our way.

Oh, would that we were pure as thee,
From guile and selfishness as free.
Thanks be to cause that placed you here,
To brighten this, our earthly sphere.

Equality of Man

I'VE sojourned here some sixty years or more,
Many dominions I have traversed o'er.
With honest thoughts I viewed the men of earth,
Distinguished ones, and those of lowly birth,
And find the space betwixt them not so wide,
When undue prejudice is laid aside.

And when we stop and think, why should they be?
When deemed as should—as one great family,
If those termed high, and low, could be reversed,
Those seeming least, might show intrinsic worth;
Might bring the blush to those who had supposed
What they knew not, must be; there 's no one knows.

The smiling face, with costly robes adorned,
With inner life perhaps may not conform.
We gain at best, but little in this world,
Our scroll of knowledge is but slight unfurled.
Each counts as one in this vast earthly throng,
A simple link that binds us here as one.

Some have their eyes on given points ahead,
Whil'st others, seeming unconcerned, are led.
Some, weary trudge and long to reach the end;
Amidst the throng, not one would seem their friend.
The philanthropic would assist the race,
On equal footing, have each mortal placed.

No high, no low, but all of equal grade—
Unto the world this plea has oft' been made.
And there 's those of selfish make, from birth,
Would if they could, possess the whole of earth,
And tramp beneath their feet each human right;
Would have no law, but that of selfish might.

With such, we 'd ask, what would you have us do?
Be just! such course in time perhaps they 'll rue.
Stand by the right with high uplifted hand,
And let these words vibrate throughout the land.
All human souls should have an equal right,
By this we 'll stand, and lend our earnest might

Our Lives Reflect

OUR lives, as a song, we write the words,
And set them to music at pleasure;
Making life sad, or perhaps glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We spin and weave, our garments to make
From words and acts, in our journey here;
Spotless and white, if in the right,
If not, they will be scanty and drear.

The home we 're building for future life,
Depends on us, as to size and shade,
This we detect—our lives reflect,
And the structure is what we have made.

Wealth's Desire

COULD we but govern this world as we would,
Have enactments passed as we justly should,
Abridging the rights of the vulgarly poor
Through sumptuary laws, this we 'd secure.
Firm plutocratic then we would be,
From beggarly elements thus made free.

Then we 'd establish an orient caste,
And those forced to labor, hold in our grasp.
We as dictators would govern their course,
Class legislation would then be enforced.
Those not of our caste, deemed vulgar and low,
Would have to accept just what we 'd bestow.

A Response.

Why so deluded and with selfishness crammed,
Who would, if you could, enslave fellow man;
Harboring thought, that wealth makes you better
Than those on whom you would rivet the fetter;
Compel them to slave, that you may enjoy
The pleasures of life unmixed with alloy?

Angel Guidance

THE pearly gates now stand ajar,
Bright angels from on high
Are seen decending from afar,
And lovingly draw nigh;
Flooding the world with advance thought
To aid the doubting mind
In disabusing errors taught,
The naked truth to find.

In man's sojournment in this sphere,
'T is well that he should know
That loving friends are ever near,
Assistance to bestow,
To make life's doubtful problems clear,
Give guidance where he lacks,
Relieve the mind of cringing fear,
Through demonstrated facts.

Then to each doubting soul we 'd say,
Resolve the truth to know,
Investigate without delay;
Where facts may lead, there go.
Some obstacles, no doubt you 'll find,
But if you persevere,
They soon will vanish from your mind,
Through knowledge, disappear.

Animality of Man

THE animality of man
Heedless allowed to grow,
Oft' into flames doth passion fan
That proves his greatest foe.

When one submits to such control,
Ne'er strives this bane to check,
'T will darken, yea, pollute the soul
Through criminal neglect.

'T will lead you on a downward course,
Unless perchance released
By those possessed of moral force,
You 'll sink beneath the beast.

Nor fain think you great pleasure gain
Through lustful passions fed,
The time will come when you 'll exclaim,
I wish of them I 's rid!

Isms

WITH isms stale, the world now teems,
Useless for man to learn;
Oft' intermixed with myths and themes,
And holy writ, in turn.
That when one tries the truth to find,
With reason for his guide,
He finds his course with mystery lined,
Adrift in mucky tide.

What the world wants, is truth's pure light,
Unmixed with myths or creeds,
That stand to reason, clear and bright,
And all can know, that read.
Where no translation is required
To hand it down to them,
By clergy, pope, and priest that 's hired,
Their doctrines to defend.

Life's Sunset

I'VE reached my three score years and ten,
And now the deepening sunset glow
Bespeaks the verge of earthly end,
The ultimate of life below.

Many loved ones have gone before
To Elysian fields of ceaseless charms;
But one most dear I do adore
For me awaits with open arms.

In holy wedlock, side by side,
We sojourned on this mundane sphere;
In concert shared what e'er betide
Of joy and grief, year after year.

And now I gaze with hopeful eyes
Across the placid stream called death,
And catch a glimpse, where peaceful lies
Our own celestial home of rest.

Oh, Do Not Say That I Am Dead

OH, do not say that I am dead,
Or never come to you,
That I no longer see thy face,
Surely it is not true.
Love's silken threads are just as strong
As when in earthly sphere,
As ere I made the gladsome change—
Our union just as dear.

Oh, do not say that I am dead,
My interest there is gone,
That I no longer love earth home,
If so, you do me wrong.
For daily visits there I make,
Know all your joy and woe,
And strive to aid you in life's course,
That you more noble grow.

Oh, do not say that I am dead,
As death I have not seen,
The change is simply a new birth,
Conditions more serene.
Where woven in the self-same hue
Are all our former deeds;
This life 's a counterpart of earth
Wherein we sowed the seeds.

A Youth's Adieu

TO my schoolmates and acquaintances
This message I send:
Though we meet with death's change,
Our love never ends.
While we cherish each thought
Of our pleasure while here,
May we meet to renew them
In some higher sphere.

My Wife and I

MANY long years, my wife and I
Traversed this earthly field,
And sowed the seed that we must reap,
As each their kind doth yield.
Some times our course was dark and rough,
Again was smooth and bright,
As clouds of sorrow passed away,
And we stood in the light.

Then oft' those mountains viewed ahead,
And streams we had to cross;
When we had reached the verge of each,
Their vastness then was lost.
Much of the danger we foresaw,
And trouble borrowed, too,
When we stood face to face with them,
How they diminished grew.

And many times when we looked back,
Over the route we came,
We saw where we had missed our course,
Wherein we were to blame.
Whereas, if we had thoughtful been,
And viewed life's chart more clear,
Much of the irksome paths we 'd missed,
And reached a brighter sphere.

Yet not unlike earth's multitude,
  Each has his grief and joy;
No life so pure but what they find
  It mixed with some alloy.
For none there be who error not,
  So we 'll be satisfied,
If we an average here should make
  In life's uncertain tide.

Lamp of Reason

KEEP your lamp of reason burning,
  Exploring every field of thought,
With the hope and ardent yearning—
  What you 've gained truth has wrought.

Our Angel Daughter

OUR angel daughter robed in white
From the celestial fields of light,
Absent from your home above
To visit those you dearly love
That still remain in earthly bonds—
Of you we 're also very fond.

Oh, cherub sweet, our own dear child,
Aloof from all that would beguile,
Pure as the brightest crystal form
You unto higher life were born.
Fostered and cherished by angel friends
Who o'er your couch oft' loving bend,
And safely guide your footsteps here
As angel courier to this sphere.

Superstition

WHY stand you gazing and amazed,
Stunned through fear and dread,
With faculties benumbed and dazed,
Lest you might be misled;
Induced to drop fallacious themes,
Accepting truth instead?

Why be content with bigot's creed,
Would you not know the right,
And follow e'er where truth doth lead
From darkness into light;
Where all those fancied scenes of woe
Will vanish from your sight?

Life will seem one radiant glow
Of never ending joy,
When you the simple truth shall know
Divested of alloy.
Then superstition's ghastly form
Will cease you to annoy.

Jealousy

JEALOUSY, thou fiendish monster,
Rankling in the breast of man;
Like a serpent, every ready
To insert its deadly fangs.

Constant in thy vague surmising,
Filled with bitterness of soul,
Blighting every earthly prospect
That would aid you to unfold.

Likened to a maddened tempest;
The raging of a restless sea;
Passing of a deadly simoon,
Or some contagious malady.

Why allow such darkened passions
Thus to dwarf your spirit here,
Stultify your finer senses,
Retard your course in higher spheres.

Earth's Joys

LIFE would be bleak without the joys
That light our pathway day by day;
So then embrace each opportune
As through earth's course you wend your way.

That each may have his equal share
Of raptured bliss as they prefer,
Selecting as it seemeth best,
Earth's fleeting joys without demur.

Abraham Lincoln

DEVOID of title, distinction or gold,
Unknown, and lowly of birth;
As the desert flowers their beauty unfold,
He disclosed merit and worth.
Through intrinsic virtues deeply inbred,
Shielded by justice and love;
Truly 't would seem he was fostered and led
By unseen forces above.

His paths through childhood were rugged and steep,
His pleasures, simple and few.
Though the wolf of want to his home would creep,
Yet chaste and guiltless he grew.
His backwoods life made him fearless and strong,
Mid wilds oft' lonely and deep,
As he mused and wandered, chanting some song
With throb of nature to keep.

As his orchestra was the sweet songs of birds,
The brook o'er the stony fall,
Or the tinkling bell of the grazing herd,
Would joy to his musings call.
Thus, mid rural scenes to manhood grew,
His school-days scarcely a year,
Of life's restless ocean, little he knew,
Or its dangers safely to clear.

The fond environs of his rustic home,
  Seemed much diminished in size,
The fields and surroundings, narrow had grown,
  Than viewed by his youthful eyes.
So bidding farewell to plow and flail,
  And many enchanting scenes,
And his dear old axe, for splitting rails,
  On which he had often leaned.

Out into the world's arena steps forth
  To meet the contentious foe;
Thus try his mettle, whilst blazing his course,
  As through life's mazes doth go.
His studious mind, to his books did yield,
  Which wrought a wondrous change,
His feet soon tread more extended fields,
  With deep and broadening range.

The implanted seeds of candor and truth,
  Guided his footsteps aright,
Indelibly stamped on his soul from youth,
  Shone forth as a beacon light.
Spotless integrity engraved his name,
  As seen in his life we trace,
In letters of gold, on the tablets of fame,
  That time can never efface.

Nature's Unfoldment

NATURE'S unfoldment, oft' called death,
I wait with fervent cheer,
When the mortal is laid to rest,
Surely there 's naught to fear.
This change we see, is first degree
In upward course of man,
Forever from earthly bondage free,
'Midst lofty scenes to stand.

Nature, 't is seen can not refrain
From seal of Winter's tomb,
But is not dead, returns again
To life and vernal bloom.
Thus, with the disembodied soul,
When lost from mortal eyes,
'T is nature's process to unfold,
But never, never dies.

The Bachelor's Regret

THOSE by-gone days so blithe and fair,
Long ere my cranium was bare,
There comes through dreamy mist of time,
Memory sweet, yea, most sublime,
Ere decrepitude's cruel sway
Had changed my locks to silver gray.

Her charming form and sprightly ways,
As in time's mirror backward gaze,
Again I see, in fancy greet,
And muse of osculations sweet.
But cruel fate and Cupid's dart
Did pierce and rend two loving hearts.

Brotherhood of Man

WE are watching, wishing, waiting,
Hope—long deferred, may come.
'Midst the din and strife of battle
Faintly sounds the fife and drum.
How we wish the conflict ended
Ere the coming of the morn,
As we view the sad commotion
And the ever gathering storm.

We are waiting, watching, wishing,
When man to man will be
As brothers—on this earthly plane,
One joyous family.
When freed from worldly greed and strife,
With motive pure and good,
'T is then, and only then, we 'll see
United brotherhood.

We are wishing, watching, waiting,
In hopes that time will come,
When all will lend a helping hand
To labor's busy hum.
And all the world have equal rights,
One joyous, happy band,
All deadly strife will then give way
To brotherhood of man.

The Human Race

IN retrospective paths of man we find
His footprints washed from off the sands of time,
Thus, as to origin, or destiny's lot,
Sadly regret to say, we knoweth not;
And thus far fail to find the missing link,
So, from the beast, his class remains distinct.

As ages pass, more vast their numbers grow,
With wonder gaze upon them, come and go
Like varied scenes upon the shores of time,
A passing glance, then vanish from the mind.
Oh! wondrous race, of this our mother earth,
To this vast conquest, ever giving birth.

And now with zeal, across death's dark abyss,
They 've cast a line, and find life still exists.
Have learned, death lifts the latch to higher spheres,
Who send the gladsome news to those still here,
Firmly believing, from what they hear and see,
Their course extends through all eternity.

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"Be thoughtful and study life's chart
That points out the rocks and the reef."

The River of Life

THE wondrous river of life,
Without commencement or end;
Ceaseless, flowing onward and on
Where earth and eternity blend.

Oft' one's vision of thought grows dim
As fain he would follow its course,
Or scanning the lapse of time,
In hopes to discover its source.

The voyage down the river of life,
From youth, 'til earth's journey is through,
Should be, in maintaining a course
You 'll naught have occasion to rue.

Be thoughtful, and study life's chart
That points out the rocks and the reef,
The shoals and the rapids to shun;
In fact every danger, in brief.

Then make the best record you can
In guiding your bark on its way,
Till you 've passed the valley of death,
And entered the portals of day.

Meditation at a Picnic

IN concert with friends, on a bright June day,
Through the Ozark Hills we wended our way;
Laying life's routine of cares to one side
O'er fanciful seas of pleasure to glide.
Passing many fine scenes, at last we drew reins
On the shady banks of the River James.
The sweet songs of birds so gladdened our hearts,
That Nature seemed bent its joys to impart.

We rambled through dales, high cliffs we did climb;
With awe stood entranced o'er scenes most sublime.
Strolling the banks of that beautiful stream
My thoughts did revert as if in a dream.
I fancied I stood 'midst Indian homes,
Where long years ago they peacefully roamed,
Fishing and hunting and boating as we,
At times interspersed with their jubilees.

Spreading their banquets, as we, on the ground,
Thanking the Great Spirit with hearts most profound;
Quenching their thirst at the very same spring
Whilst their gleeful shouts oft' made the woods ring.
Lo! where are they now? All vanished and gone.
Sadly lamenting, I earnestly longed
To welcome them back to the land they adored,
Ruthlessly seized by the wield of the sword.

Oh, could we unroll from the scroll of the past,
Locked in time's vault, that is ever held fast,
Many dark pages recorded would find,
We fain would erase from the tablets of time!
But the world 's emerging from deeds of night,
As time moves on, is approaching the light,
And the day is nearing when wars will cease
Through compact of international peace.

L. OF C.

What Need You Care

WITH all man's faults the world moves on,
There 's growth in spite of whims;
In spite of creeds, truth will succeed,
The right is sure to win.
But never think your route be smooth
When errors you 'd repair;
Doubtless the world will frown on you:
But then, what need you care?

'T was once supposed the world was flat
And rested on the main;
Copernicus pronounced it false—
By that he lost his fame.
Galileo claimed it moved,
Was round instead of square;
For that, the Pope imprisoned him:
But then, why need he care?

For thus it 's been for ages past,
When man proclaimed a truth
That lead from out the beaten path,
He 's herald with abuse.
Heed not the rabbling, thoughtless crew,
Fearless the truth declare;
In time the world will honor you:
So then, why need you care?

Life's Record

OF our journey down the steeps of time,
Unerring record we keep,
Registered on the enduring mind,
Indelible and complete.

Each act through life is chronicled there,
And our thoughts—whether evil or good,
Are recorded with explicit care,
And by each are understood.

No judge or jury then will we need
When we reach our home over there,
As each in earth's book of life will read,
And their own verdict declare.

So then it behooves us—one and all,
To have a bright future in store,
That each may hear the merited call:
Thou blessed forevermore.

Wayward Mortals

OH wayward mortals, frail indeed,
Who cultivate the noxious weeds,
And when your earthly course is run,
To find them garnered, every one,
In the vast future storehouse laid,
Which represents your stock in trade,
Each labeled with the choicest care,
With information, when and where.

Redemption from your sins, you 'll find,
Simply consists in growth of mind.
Nor can you shift your misdeeds here,
Through prayer or vain pretentious tear,
And those that once seemed to appease
Your conscience, when on bended knees,
For some foul act that you had done,
No absolution had you won.

How strange, mankind can not see
The grand results of unity,
Of making earth a joyous home
Where care and sorrow ne'er is known,
A lifelong course of noble deeds,
Fruits and flowers, instead of weeds,
Then when you reach the higher spheres
Your greetings will be void of tears.

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP unites with silken cord
Congenial souls as one;
In joyous bands of one accord,
As life's rough course they run.

Earthly vicissitudes they view,
Mingled with grief and joy;
But friendship as a magnet true,
Admits of no alloy.

A Trustworthy Guide

NOW that you have barely started
On life's course that has no end,
Listen to the voice of reason—
You will find no better friend.

It will guide you through life's valley,
Up the rugged, steep hill-side,
Through the darksome days of sorrow
As in sunshine be your guide.

When you are gleaning golden thoughts
From the varied sands of time,
Reason is your only safe-guard,
Aiding you the truth to find.

The Cosmopolite

THO' the world's ensigns, unfurled to the breeze,
The cosmopolite you 'll find at his ease,
No fixed habitation his course to stay,
Of the earth's wide range has absolute sway.

Where e'er he sojourns is always at home,
As fancy dictates, thither he roams,
Free as the fountain that bubbles forth,
Or skylark winging its songful course.

Bound to no country, no honors await,
His bark ever waft by the winds of fate;
Ever aloof to the world's bitter strife,
Peacefully wending his journey of life.

Foot-sore and weary at the close of earth's path,
Quietly lays down his compass and staff,
To resume his travels in higher spheres
'Midst enchanting scenes and visions more clear.

Needful Amendments

(For Children's Recitation)

OH heedless man, could we dissuade
Your mind from fogy rules,
Then we 'd suggest a higher grade
Of spelling in the schools.

Orthography we'd have you change,
Pronounce the way you spell,
You then would cease to rack your brain,
Your scholars, too, as well.

'Tis true you 've grown with rapid turn
In many lines of thought,
But strange you seem so unconcerned
With orthography, as taught.

The old stage-coach is out of date,
Propelled by horse and mule;
Spelling should meet an equal fate,
At least should change the rule.

In spelling of a simple word
Use letters just enough,
That you may gain the proper sound,
Yet having no surplus.

And those that do adopt the rule
  Of spelling words by sound,
Will rid the world of much abuse,
  And make themselves renowned.

Strange so long it 's been deferred,
  On each with wonder gaze,
So easy thus in spelling words,
  You 'll simply be amazed.

The superfluous letters used
  Take much important time;
Besides, each needless one refused
  Will shorten up the lines.

The well-sweep and the wooden plow,
  The flail to thresh the grain,
Are only seen as relics now,
  But our lexicon 's unchanged.

Why longer now postpone this need
  Important to us all?
'T is hoped you will at once give heed,
  And answer to this call.

This Mundane Career

YOUTH, with his myriad visions bright,
Looks out upon life's tranquil earth
With bouyant hopes and footsteps light,
That note the zeal of future worth.
The world is filled with magic scenes;
Views fleeting time—without concern,
And yet amid these blissful days,
To reach manhood he often yearns.

Onward he moves, as pathway lies
Through destined course of earth's career,
But soon to manhood he arrives,
Then youthful visions disappear.
Life, then, is not what he had dreamed—
Finds frequent barriers in his way;
Oft' things reverse from what they seemed,
Retarding progress day by day.

There 's untold avenues to face—
The time has come for him to choose—
Some lead to honor, some disgrace,
As much depends on methods used.
If he an upright course would lead,
Would shun the vile and darksome ways,
If just, most surely he 'll succeed,
And bright will be his closing days.

Placed in the earthly furrow now
There 's no such thing as turning back;
Must hold the handle of his plow
And strive to garner only facts.
Errors, likes tares amid the wheat
Must separate, with watchful care,
If he would have his work complete,
That will with solid facts compare.

His aim (as likewise others should),
In traversing this mundane sphere—
To strive to render all the good
To those that see their way less clear.
So when the shades of closing day
Shall fall across his aged bier,
All who knew him could truly say
The world 's improved, his being here.

The Thunder Storm

(Recitation for Children)

THE summer sun with reddening glow,
O'erlaid as with a pall
By deepening clouds, sullen and low,
The rain has commenced to fall,
The rumbling thunder overhead
Bespeaks a dreaded scene,
The loveliness of earth has fled,
Chaos now rules supreme.

The lightning flash, and forked darts,
Passing zigzag through the skies,
As if some ogre fain would impart,
That he the world defies.
The scene more dark and fearful grows,
Death-dealing bolts are hurled,
'T would seem that now the airy foes
Meant destruction to the world.

But the clouds are breaking in the east,
The rain has ceased to fall;
A conference, beseeching peace,
By storm king now is called.
And lo! the sun has cast aside
The veil of darksome gray,
And through the azure sky it glides,
Shedding gladness on its way.

Latent Cause

THE latent cause that governs worlds in space,
Is a problem scientists now face,
Would solve the secret and its laws detect,
That all might trace the cause to its effect.
The numerous forms that earth is sending forth,
Each following their respective course,
Ever sustained by universal law,
Move quietly along without a seeming flaw.

No two retain precisely the same form,
Although in close proximity were born;
Likewise in men, in their extended thought,
Oft' differ some in their conclusions wrought;
Yet ever held by these invariable laws,
That they must constant search for hidden cause,
Which oft' from them are closely hid from sight,
Whilst each are slowly moving toward the light.

Innocent Pleasures

GARNER innocent pleasures—
Their joyance will glow,
'T will brighten your
Journey through life,
Your soul will unfold
As a fragrant flower,
Unmingled with
Sorrow or strife.

But reject ever those
Of a darksome hue,
Their sojourn is
Transient and brief,
Such gilded joys
Soon wear away,
Their pleasure
Transform into grief.

Youthful Aspirations

WHEN you start out in life
Have an object in view,
Ever aim to succeed
Whatsoever you do.
If you wish to acquire
Some vocation to fill,
Strive hard to excel,
Much depends on your will.

Weigh well your intention
The object you 'd gain,
Your fitness for such
Should be your sole aim.
But in lead of all else,
Any plans you may lay,
From strict rules of justice
Avow never to sway.

A Tramp's Lament

(For Children's Recitation)

MY thoughts commingle with present and past,
As through foreign countries I roam;
When foot-sore and lonely, they center, alas,
'Midst scenes in my own country home.

The most sacred spot my feet ever traced.
Ah me, and those friends I forsook,
I ever shall feel their loving embrace,
And regret the false step that I took.

Love of adventure, so hard to appease,
Its cravings I vain would control,
As I fancy I see amidst the green trees
The gray gabled cottage of old.

That dear old home where the light of the sun
First shone on my innocent head,
Ere I ventured the course I warn all to shun,
That romantic stories had fed.

When the evening shades have gathered 'round,
Perhaps with a comrade or more;
Without food or shelter, lie on the ground,
I wish then my wanderings were o'er.

That again I might rest fearless of harm,
In the rustic old home far away,
Where years ago, when I knew not its charms,
Allured and misguided, did stray.

The barnyard fowls, the horses and cows,
Even the pigs I left in the sty,
Freshly appear in my memory now,
Which brings forth an audible sigh.

If spared to return, will try and retrieve
For the wayward years I have spent,
No alluring tale again will deceive,
But at home will remain content.

Religion

IF through its precepts you are growing
Brighter in earth's primal field,
If the seed that you are sowing
Will a joyous harvest yield,
You through noble acts are moulding
A pure and spotless soul within;
Constant, through new truths unfolding,
You need no other course begin.

Should you upon the other hand,
Travel that old delusive path
Where reason is in least demand,
That leads from out a misty past.
Explicit faith, your guiding star,
A sin to entertain a doubt,
Your senses locked as with a bar;
Do not delay, but change your route.

A Square Deal For Every Man

ON this round ball that is dotted with men,
In various groups, station, and hue,
Destined one and all, to reach the same end,
Though varied the time, and course, it is true;
Is it not proper each one should feel,
That he is entitled to have a square deal?

What signifies rank, if such you should hold;
Whether royal, or humble your birth.
Suppose you 've a title, and abundance of gold,
You number but one on this big round earth.
There are billions more, you vain would conceal,
Entitled, as you, to have a square deal.

There 's plenty of food and raiment for all,
And lands, that each might have him a home.
Why then wish to grasp this whole earthly ball,
That each of mankind, their portion should own;
Better each have his turn at fortune's wheel,
That all men, henceforth, may have a square deal.

Advent of Spiritualism

WAS this advent of truth welcomed by all,
Alike the parched earth when the raindrops fall,
Renewing life's freshness, fragrance and joy,
Or, with preconceived views, mixed with alloy,
Deterring an interest in many to learn,
The glorious fact of spirit return?

Was the clergy in line, with flags unfurled,
To welcome the news from the spirit world,
Willing to abandon their worn out creeds,
And zealously follow where truth may lead,
Like our forefathers who fought to the end,
Their rights to maintain, their country defend?

No, its advent here, as you all have seen,
Was as unsought as the meek Nazarene.
Press and pulpit cried delusion and fraud,
And the masses joined as of one accord,
Determined to stick to the old beaten path
That had served the world for ages past.

Unconscious were they of the angel force,
Whose mission here is to change man's course
From erroneous myths and barren fields,
To a vast expanse where truth ever yields
An abundant harvest of facts untold,
Smoothing earth's journey, enriching the soul.

The Conservative Man

IF by chance you should look for a conservative man
No matter what station he holds,
You are most apt to find him in the rear of the van,
For he 's never constitutionally bold.

He would prefer to say "Go," than "Come, follow me,"
If it leads where danger is rife,
Should it ever so happen he 's found in the lead,
You may vouch there 's no danger of life.

To revolutionary moves he 's utterly opposed,
Changes, he fears, may make matters worse;
Any new enterprise from the old beaten paths,
He believes to be only a curse.

But the dauntless, unceasing waves of progression
Majestically sweep him aside,
As a part of the useless debris of the age,
That is washed by the incoming tide.

Wedlock's Course

IF those entwined in nuptial rights
Find blissful unity,
Their course will wend through sunny [heights,
A lifelong jubilee.

Such earthly pilgrimage sublime,
Through wedlock's gladsome years;
As up life's rugged path they climb,
Ne'er brings regretful tears.

Through life serene, go hand in hand,
United here as one,
Escorted home by angel bands,
When earth's career is run.

. . . . . .

But when the yoke is irksome found,
Inclined to gall and chafe,
When bitter words and darksome frowns,
Their pleasures e'er deface,

And shadows o'er their pathway fall,
That once was bright and clear,
Burying hope, as with a pall,
Regarding future years;

'T would seem most fitting to repeal
The compact 'twixt the two,
Nor need they yet estrangement feel,
But wisely start anew.

Page 121 "Oh beauteous moon, thou child of earth,
Amidst thy companions, the stars."

A Tribute to the Moon

OH beauteous moon, thou child of earth,
Amidst thy companions, the stars,
How vastly remote the years of thy birth,
Yet time ne'er thy visage can mar.

For untold ages thy mission has been
To transmit thy pale mellow light,
Which softly decends, its brightness to lend,
Dispelling the deep gloom of night.

Oft' has humanity gazed on thy face
With wonder and gladness combined,
And o'er thy untraveled region would trace,
Thy wonders and beauty to find.

Speed onward, thou lucid nocturnal orb,
Thy presence doth ever bring cheer,
Deserving the praise that earth you awards;
Without thee this world would be drear.

The Universe

WISDOM of man, far reaching as it may,
In this is lost, in its immensity.
Illimitable space, thou boundless sea,
As vast and endless as eternity.
Amazing, great, thy grandeur doth unfold,
In wonder, yea, astounded e'en behold
These countless worlds unceasing course pursue,
Through some invisible force are due.

Lost in deep thought, by admiration dazed,
As with a glass through boundless ether gaze;
Astounded, view the endless chain of worlds
As each invaried in their orbit whirl;
Ever obedient to their central sun,
Their constant aerial circuit run,
With magic swiftness wend their noiseless course,
To man unknown their destiny or source.

Now our thoughts return to this, our mother earth,
Our own dear home, from whence received our birth,
A tiny speck upon this ocean vast,
That other worlds may bring within their glass,
Musing, may wonder as to conditions here,
As we oft' have of those in distant spheres,
But each is held within its given space,
Subject to law, as we the human race.

Your Mansion Above

YOU are building a house for your future home,
And those of your friends that 's laying the [stones
Depend upon you for material found,
Also condition and lay of the ground.
If it is quaggy, gives under your feet,
It truly denotes you practice deceit,
The structure will be deficient and low,
An exact counterpart of your course below.

The workman must build from the stock you send,
On you, most surely, the structure depends,
If the lumber is poor, the timber untrue,
The self-same defect will be found in you.
So each may know ere they reach that clime,
The exact kind of home there they will find;
In short, you are forming it day by day,
In each word and act, as you wend life's way.

Known By Their Fruits

WE all shall be known by our fruits,
A proverb we hold to be true,
Deception may lurk in appearance,
But motives we 'd have you review.

You would scarce look for grapes of thorns,
Neither figs of thistles would find,
Nor look for magnanimity
In a gross untutored mind.

Judge not from one's station in life,
But more from the life he leads;
Appearance may lead you astray,
'T is best to rely on their deeds.

On intrinsic goodness depend,
Regardless of birthplace or hue;
What matters nation or kin,
If their deeds are noble and true?

Man's Innate Powers

ANCESTRAL, and pre-natal traits,
In man oft' wield a latent force;
Through his unfoldment they await
An opportune to shape his course.

The seed that 's sown may date far back,
Perhaps to savage tribes, who knows?
Or in conception may have lacked
The germ that angels would bestow.

"As twig is bent the tree 's inclined,"
Is an axiom old and gray,
Yet back of this we often find
A course that oft' leads man astray.

Virtue and vice, the two extremes,
Exist in men of every grade;
This life is but a shifting scene
Where man's unfoldment is displayed.

Where Is Heaven

AS I sat musing in my study one day,
My thoughts were of heaven and Biblical lore,
All at once into space I seemed moving away,
Oh! was this my exit from earth evermore?
On through the ethereal ocean of space,
Swift as a meteor hurled through the sky,
Oh, the exquisite scenes my eye quickly traced!
Was I being wafted toward heaven on high?

System upon system of worlds were passed,
And yet in my flight I seemed nearing no end.
I exclaimed in wonder, "Alas! alas!
How little of thought to creation we lend!"
On, on I sped through myriads of years,
'T was through intuition I measured the time,
Indeed I enjoyed the trip through the spheres,
As all that I saw was most truly sublime.

But then after untold ages had passed,
I 'd almost forgotten the place of my birth,
I cried in dismay, "Where is heaven, alas!
So long proclaimed to the people of earth?"
Then an angel appeared and said, "All will find
It is not in space, as to many it seems,
But a harmonious condition of mind."
And lo! I awoke, it was only a dream.

Reformation

IF you a reformation would begin,
To rid the world of much benighted sin,
To cause man in his present course to halt,
In whom you see so many blighting faults,
And follow such paths as you select,
Pause and ponder, and on yourself reflect.

And ere you vainly point for him a route
Through blinded egotism you 've laid out,
Is it not best you take an inward glance,
Ere with your boasted precepts you advance,
And see if naught within could be improved,
No latent flaw therein to be removed?

Thought

THE guidance of the human race,
The star of hope that sets man free,
Lifts him from a grovelling base
And fits him for eternity.

Eternal greatness it has wrought,
Has made this earth with beauty glow;
Without, life would be as naught,
Back into chaos all would go.

The grandeur of this world would flee,
Science and art would be no more,
The image of a darksome sea
Surging upon a wasteful shore.

Thought, far surpassing all in flight,
Untiring flits through endless space,
'T is to this world a beacon light,
The acme of the human race.

If thought then be of so much weight,
The ne plus ultra of earthly gain,
'T is best all strive to reach that state
Where noble thoughts exclusive reign.

Wall Street Bulls and Bears

REALM of royal Bulls and Bears,
In constant wrangle day by day,
In hopes to shift their worldly cares,
Thus keep the wolf of want away.

You in their gilded office find
Most polished men, with manners prime,
Whose modesty you are inclined
To place among the most refined.

That is, when judged from outward show,
Which is deceptive oft' we learn,
Like whitened sepulchers, you know,
From inner view revolting turn.

A different verdict then we give,
When we are shown their inner life;
To fleece their fellow man they live,
With plots and darkest schemes are rife.

The gambler, with an artful move,
Shifts the cards to suit himself,
And to his victim plainly proves
That he 's entitled to the pelf.

Likewise, this Wall Street gentry shift
Their stocks and bonds with crafty skill,
And from their victim's pockets lift
The gold, their greedy vaults to fill.

A Mother's Love

A MOTHER'S love will ne'er forsake you,
It does not cease in life to come;
Impressing you with love and counsel,
Until your journey here is run.

When clouds of sorrow cross your pathway,
Or meet perhaps with bitter strife,
Then ever heed your mother's warnings,
They will guide you through earth life.

The Wanderer

CEASE your wandering
And make you a home,
Let not delusions
Cause you to roam.
Ne'er search for Utopia,
Nor elixir of life;
They 're found in right doing
That make pleasures rife.

Fogy Themes

'TIS time the world should cast aside
Their notions crude and grim,
The avenues of thought are wide
That Truth may enter in.

Those long revered old fogy themes
From obscure ages brought,
When light of truth once on them gleams,
They 're valued then as naught.

Nor should we grieve when truth has shown
An error we have held,
Though it a bosom friend has grown,
We 'll bid it long farewell.

Should error sometime seemeth fair,
We ne'er should it defend,
If cherished it prolongeth care,
E'en with regret must end.

Equal Rights

YOU men that dwell upon this mortal plane,
Involved in mists of worldly greed and gain,
But dimly see the light, less slow to move
From out the beaten path or selfish groove,
Through habit tread the old accustomed course;
Some ne'er will change unless compelled by force.
As true as day doth e'er precede the night,
Each mortal here must have an equal right
To all there is on earth, both sea and land:
'T is but the verdict of a just demand.

The world's millenium you then will see,
Man evermore from human bondage free;
Free from those who in their selfish greed,
With hoarded wealth, insist that they must lead,
Constant devising and concocting plans
To usurp rights of those, their fellow man.
Cries of justice echo from the mountain cliffs,
"Ye lords of pelf, from such foul course desist;
Too long by far you 've robbed this earthly hive,
Though others toil, with idle hands you 've thrived."

The Comic Valentine

IF my valentine caused you sorrow,
Instead of pleasure, produced pain,
From this time forward I will never
Thus impose on you again.

With earnest zeal I 'll make an effort,
More lofty fields of thought to gain,
That my demeanor hence forever,
May cause joy instead of pain.

I sincerely hope that you 'll forgive me,
It was a ruthless act of mine,
To cast a shadow o'er your pathway
With a frightful valentine.

Our Neighbors' Hens

(For Juvenile Recitation)

OUR neighbors' hens, a thrifty lot
Of bantam, game, and Plymouth Rock,
Three score or more allowed to roam—
Simply required to roost at home.

They 're blooded, too, as told to me,
But that I never got too see,
Although I 've tried with stick and stone;
You 'll say I 'm foolish thus to own.

Trying to scalp or lay them low,
As o'er the garden fence they go;
Waiting merely to get their breath,
When back they come my skill to test.

So dexterous they have become,
That when the missles 'round them hum
They duck their heads, then fly away—
Thus apt by being trained each day.

Likewise repeated o'er an o'er,
Taxing my patience more and more,
And then what havoc they have made—
To waste our garden they have laid.

Our beans and peas are scattered 'round,
Completely scratched from out the ground,
My flower beds are ruined, too;
So vexed I scarce know what to do.

A friend suggests 't would serve them right,
If on some dark and stormy night,
Some one, light-fingered, as they say,
Would come and take them far away.

Would that be right? not so, I fear,
And yet if true I 'd shed no tear.
The holy records from above
Command that we our neighbors love.

"Do unto others as you would
That they should do" with us holds good.
Gladly such precepts we commend,
But they to poultry do n't extend.

Baneful Paths

OH, would that all the world might shun
That which retards the soul,
And strive through truth and uprightness
Their being to unfold.

Abandoning the baneful paths
That lead to regions base,
Where evil poisons every thought—
Brings sadness and disgrace.

A record of each soul is kept
By those in angel sphere,
And all who wish can truly know
Our moral standing here.

If happiness is your intent,
Why wander from the goal,
Through dismal fields of sin and woe
And wretchedness untold.

Where sinful pleasures turn to dross,
Or vanish from your sight,
To find the course, to your dismay,
Has darkened into night.

Then with remorse, and blush of shame,
Your footsteps must retrace;
Filled with compunction for loss of time
Forever gone to waste.

Problematic

COULD I penetrate the universe—
Grasp with thought, cosmic laws,
Could scan the worlds, teeming with life,
With no perceptive flaws;
Could reach the heights of supremacy,
And gaze on all below—
Could realize I 'd reached the end
Of all there is to know.

Would this summit of knowledge bring joy,
To know my course was run,
Or was my pleasure greater by far,
When I had scarce begun?
'T would seem there is more consolation,
As to the growth of the soul,
That man's expansion is limitless—
Will never cease to unfold.

The Soldier's Soliloquy

HOW sad to reflect, when called far away
From friends and kindred to part,
To relinquish the pleasures of many a day,
Brings sorrow to many a heart.
As thus we have gone to our country's call,
Our destiny that is unknown,
But hope to return to greet one and all
Of our dear ones who welcome us home.

Our mission is to relieve the oppressed
From the grasp of tyrannical Spain,
And rebuke the foul deed, could do nothing less
In behalf of the dead of the Maine.
When our task is complete then you will find,
But this to you all is well known,
If spared to return will make a bee line
To you in our cozy old home.

What beauty is seen in each quiet nook
Now sacredly held in esteem,
Naught but for country would we have forsook
The scenes reproduced in our dreams.
In fancy we traverse the beauteous hills,
By the rivers leisurely roam,
With emotions suppressed our hearts oft' fill,
When musing of loved ones at home.

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"Naught but for country would we have forsook
The scenes reproduced in our dreams."

Some pleasure we have reviewing the scenes
  Indelibly traced on the brain,
The scroll of the past delightfully gleams
  As we view it again and again.
Naught can erase from the tablets of mind,
  Regardless of where we may roam,
Those enchanting scenes forever sublime
  That surround our own country home.

Our Lyceum Picnic

IN contemplation of pleasures in
store,
Away to some realm of fancy we
soar,
And wander through scenes of expectant
bliss,
As many no doubt had pictured in
this.

It seemed the whole school was enraptured
with glee,
Eager to know when the excursion would
be,
And bright were the visions that flit thro'
their dreams;
In their mental sky not a cloud to be
seen.

Crystal Cave was chosen their place of
resort,
Naught stood in the way their pleasure
to thwart,
All buoyant with hope, respecting the
day,
Sunshine and joy to have absolute
sway.

Alas! how obscure is the vision of
man,
Oft' disappointed in deeply laid
plans,
And many predictions respecting the
weather,
Do n't carry with them the weight of a
feather.

In arranging the picnic, days and weeks
flew past,
But the coveted day, though prolonged,
came at last.
The wagonette crammed like a box of
sardines,
Blissfully unconscious of gathering
scenes.

Dark threatening clouds on the horizon
lay,
Soon heaven's blue vault became shrouded
with gray.
Was all recreation and games they had
planned,
On seas of misfortune thus ruthlessly to
strand?

At first, scattering drops, then how it
did rain!
From shedding tears some scarce could
refrain.
"We ought to have known it would rain,"
said one,
"We are a set of ninnies," another
begun.

A song was then chanted, at first soft
and low,
Their dampened ardor to fan it
aglow;
With the sweet melody their hearts seemed
to fill,
Till in concert they woke the echoing
hills.

But on they speeded, my! the wheels they
did spin,
The mud how it flew, what a rattle and
din,
O'er the rough stony creeks, up hill and
down,
Through the picturesque scenes of Ozark's
renown.

At last they alight in a beautiful
grove,
The storm unabated forbids them to
rove.
So to enter the cave it was Hobson's
choice,
Thus protected from the rain, all felt to
rejoice.

Through the intricate cavern, wending
their way,
Each smeared head and foot with a
moistening clay,
One attired in a shawl, with countenance
grave,
Was presumed and accosted an Indian
brave,

The wonders they beheld in that
subterrene,
Would require a geologist them to
explain.
Who would hold them more choice than
saphires of old,
Or pearls that would bring many nuggets
of gold.

The stalactites and stalagmites were
simply grand,
And watchfully guarded by one
Mr. Mann,
Sole owner of that subterranean
ground,
Where crystal formations of wonder
abound.

A lunch of dainties under shelter was
spread,
And each to the uttermost fullness
was fed;
Their host entertained with his talking
machine,
And though the heavens wept their hearts
were serene.

True, the weather inclement, it was not
so bad,
And many expressed they were really
glad
They had taken the trip, of the pleasures
partook,
Thus adding a bright chapter to memory's
book.

Christopher Columbus

(For Children's Recitation)

FOUR hundred years have glided by,
As you 'll recall to mind,
Since Columbus ventured out to sea,
This continent to find.
King Ferdinand called his wise men
Together at his court,
To listen to this seaman's scheme
And their opinion note.

Columbus gave the reason why
He thought the earth was round,
And land upon the other side,
By sailing west, be found.
They said to him, "If that be true,
Kindly to us explain,
When you have reached the under side
How you 'll return to Spain.

"And how the people there could live
With their heads hanging down;
Where all things topsy-turvy grow
As surely would be found."
So thus his views were ridiculed
By kings and noted men;
But Queen Isabella her jewels pledged
Assistance him to lend.

Three small ships she fitted out,
With ninety seamen manned,
That he might sail the western sea
In quest of unknown land.
But when from shore many long weeks,
His crew became concerned,
And threatened to throw him overboard
And to their homes return.

He pacified as best he could
Their constant growing fear,
But with keen yearnings, long delayed,
Onward he bravely steered,
'Til on one bright October morn
A signal gun was fired;
Then cheers rang out, that land 's in sight;
Now, victory him inspired.

His hope, for years, now realized—
'T was cheering to his soul.
His dream at last had come to pass,
Had reached at last his goal.
It shows what men of worth can do,
Inspired with rightful aim—
Can prove a blessing to the world,
Thus merit honest fame.

Creation

'TIS hard when you once bring your mind to bear,
Give reason unlimited sway,
To truly believe and firmly declare—
If you stop to think on your way—
That out of nothing this vast universe,
Which in unending space now lays,
Teeming with worlds far greater than this,
Was created all in six days.

What was there before this grand enterprise,
Before the commencement of time,
Ere the light of the sun was seen in the skies,
Please will you this problem define?
When one vast nothing, with naught to be seen,
As all was invisible then;
Was no place to stand, on nothing to lean;
On nothing which you could depend.

Life's Booklet

DOES all of life's routine,
With cautious review,
Meet your approbation—
Would repeat them anew?

Or would you find some things
You would like to erase,
Some blots on life's booklet
Its completeness deface?

Detracting its lustre,
Thus beclouding your sky,
So indelibly fixed,
All expunging defy.

'T was thus from beginning,
'T is the lot of each soul,
Who with honest endeavor
Would their being unfold,

To find in their journey
Many swerves in life's line;
But if just in their dealings
They will straighten in time.

The Demon of Our Land

THIS evil spirit in our land
Our people should decry,
Amidst them here exalting stands
And would them all defy.

His mission here has ever been
To sin, and riots call;
The downfall of myriads of men—
His name is Alcohol.

How oft' these words I utter here,
Repeated o'er and o'er,
And yet they seem to cause no fear,
No heart they seem to gore.

Why calmly fold your arms and say
I 've not this work to do;
This demon, I have not to slay,
As if 't was naught to you.

Each man should strive to be the first
To rid his country's wrong,
Which as a pall, or blighting curse,
Has been sadly prolonged.

Has caused so many hearts to bleed,
And friends so ruthless slain;
Or from the right did lure and lead,
And fiendishly defame.

And now my heart grows doubly sad,
Our nation thus to side,
Instead of grief, seems truly glad
This demon 'round us glides.

Ne'er tries to stay his fiendish hand,
In crime doth aid him still;
Ne'er strives to drive him from our land,
Our treas'ry thus to fill.

Nature's Work

UNENDING space is nature's reservoir,
The storehouse of all things;
All substance there exists without alloy,
And hither all we see, it brings.
Like a magician with his magic wand
Brings objects forth you see and hear,
And then again perhaps at his command
They quickly from you disappear.

Likewise with nature in its gaseous state,
All substance thus is hid from view,
But through the innate power not long do wait
Ere their material forms renew.
Thus through this procreative act we see
The change through evolution wrought,
Which in the rounds again released and free,
Its vapor home again is sought.

All things are constant undergoing change,
No miracle is wrought thereby—
But midst this wondrous and boundless range,
The cause and its effect there lie;
And as we move along through ceaseless time,
We still can learn of nature's work—
To time, or space, was never yet confined,
Nor from its ceaseless task did shirk.

Be Vigilant

ON earth's obscure route you'll have to look out,
Or in many a trap you 'll be led;
Not all gold that shines, nor all just, you 'll find,
But this has often been said;
Some do n't give it weight, but nibble the bait
That has been so artfully set,
And when they gaze 'round, too late they have found
They 're snugly entrapped in a net.

Your friends will agree, and give advice free,
And say you 've been shamefully used;
With vision astute, would have you bring suit
To regain the rights thus abused.
If their views you take, you 'll find when too late
Your trouble has only begun;
It 's just a new game to trap you again,
You 've lost if they say you have won.

The best way you 'll find, now keep this in mind,
Have your eyes wide open and clear;
Be on the alert, you 'll find it will work,
And don't believe all that you hear.
Look where you go, and be sure that you know
The ground over which you 're to pass;
You 'll find when you 're through, if honest and true,
You ne'er have to utter, "Alas!"

Paddle Your Own Canoe

IN my journey down the river of life
I found this important to do:
To keep an outlook some distance ahead
And paddle my own canoe.
'T is well to heed the advice of a friend,
His counsel may oft' assist you;
But ever lay out a course of your own
And paddle your own canoe.

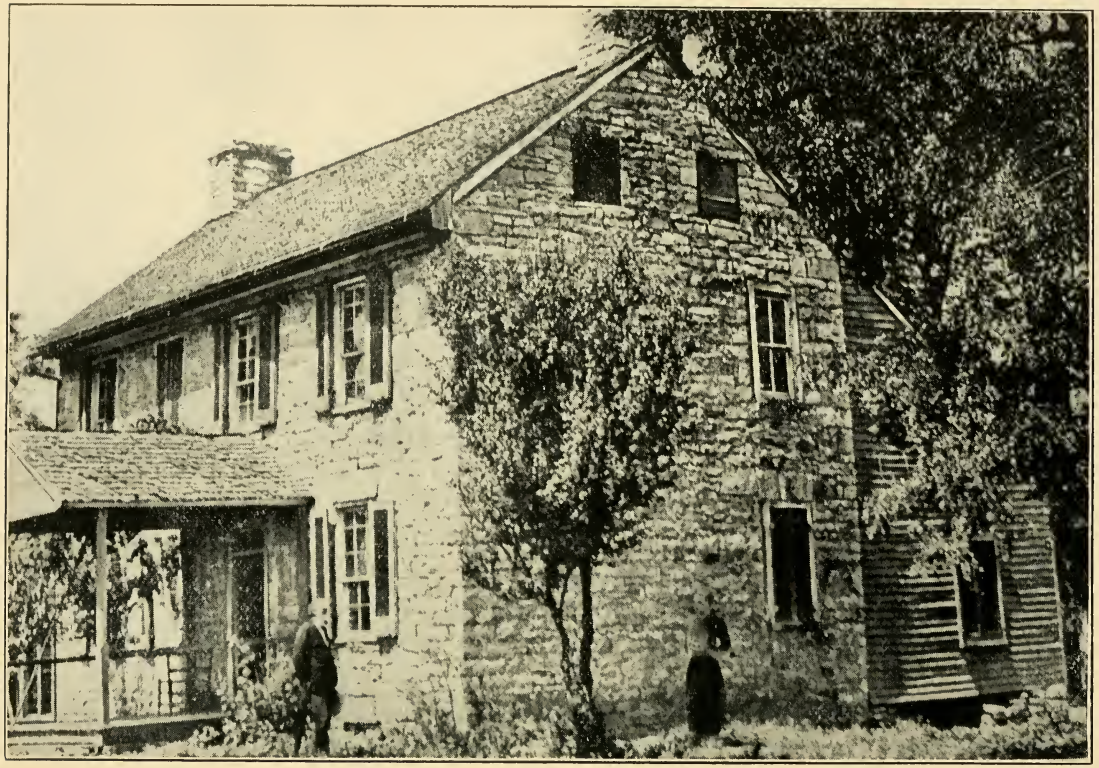
For what availeth this journey of life
If shown whatsoever you do,
Allowing others to point out the way,
Thus paddling your canoe?
'T is best I have found to select your course,
May meet with failures 't is true;
Yet, how consoling to pave your own way,
And paddle your own canoe.

Though zigzag your route with many short turns,
Some things you sadly may rue,
Still there is solace in the fond thought,
You paddled your own canoe.
And thus did unfold—developed the soul,
Broadened and strengthened you too;
This now I would say to all mankind:
Just paddle your own canoe.

Our Widowed Mother is Left Alone

I'VE just got a letter from ma,
She says she is left all alone—
What say to me taking a trip
And coax her to come with me home?
One by one we have taken our course,
Each answering destiny's call;
'Til none are left to aid her now,
And 't is growing late in the Fall.

The winters there are fierce and wild,
Piercing winds oft' reaching a galė;
O'er the fields they pitiless glide,
Often freighted with snow and hail.
Her home has seen its best days,
The shingles and stone-work are old;
Where now much shrunken and warped,
Come the snow and shivering cold.



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"Her home has seen its best days,
The shingles and stone-work are old."

Often charms that memory brings,
Binds closely old scenes to the heart,
The sad farewell of lifelong friends,
With them she 'll reluctantly part.
We 'll make her new home so pleasant,
'T is hoped she 'll not wish to return—
In case she should we 'll not defer
Any wish of her's we may learn.

She 's nearing her eightieth years'
Sojourn midst pleasure and pain,
Soon will pass to realms of joy,
From loved ones ne'er severed again.
During her stay here, each will try
As best in our minds can be wrought,
To make her home here as one above,
Which she in our infancy taught.

Promoter of Health

THIS promoter of health is aged,
Was a friend of old Father Time;
He counseled and guided his footsteps,
Through the primeval days, we find.
He used no drugs whatsoever,
But instructs the world how to live,
Whereby they avoid all diseases,
The elixir of life he gives.

"An ounce of preventative" 't is said,
"More than equals a pound of cure,"
And those that follow his hygenic course,
The sequel of health may secure.
The methods he adopts are simple,
Unsavored with mysteries deep,
Requires no knowledge of Latin,
Nor in materia-medica steeped.

If you with sanitary rules comply,
Eat sparingly of wholesome food,
Each day unite in athletic sports
In a vivacious pleasant mood;
Endeavor to have your regular sleep
In apartments airy and clean,
Indulge in no intoxicants,
Then your life will be pure and serene.

Union of Thought

WOULD it not be well if the world would lay by
All of their isms and creeds;
Kindly unite on some neutral ground, and
Follow wherever truth leads;
Would it not do away with much discord and strife,
Come nearer obtaining facts,
If each fraternally would scan all sides,
Amending the truth where it lacks?
Hew close to the line, let the chips of error
Fall wheresoever they will,
Be sure in your structure, the timber is sound
From dome to lowermost sill.
Then your work will stand through ages to come,
With reason and truth for its base,
Fantastical storms, or derisive winds,
Can never this building displace.
So when you have finished earth's journey,
And have passed from the place of your birth,
Can look back with much consolation,
To the work you accomplished on earth.

St. Valentine's Day

WAY back in ancient days of Rome,
E'en to the present date,
St. Valentine's Day is widely known,
When birds doth choose their mates.

While as 't is claimed a grand success
With those—the feathered tribe,
Some men select and think it best
This day to choose their bride.

Thus February, fourteenth day,
Is said to be the time
When Cupid makes his grand display
Of lovely valentines.

His mellifluent missives fly
Through each enlightened land,
Imparting joy both far and nigh
As like some angel band.

An Infidel

ONE who dares to question every sacred book,
Their source and authenticity doth scan,
Gives each a careful penetrating look;
Declares them all the crafty work of man.
Most ardently has sought and hoped to find
Some proof of that celestial potentate proclaimed,
But all his efforts proved a waste of time,
As naught was found to rest the faintest claim.

He 's delved among debris of christian lore,
Explored the dim lit past in quest of facts,
With reason's lance has probed them to the core;
Labeled them false, wherein of truth they lacked.
He longs for truth in place of ancient myths,
For demonstrated facts that all can see,
To lift the world from out the dismal mists,
Where light of truth will ever make them free.

The Mocking Bird

WOULD you could see the mocking birds
That visit our home every spring,
And ever anon through the summer days
List' how they sweetly sing.

Come view their nest in a thorn tree,
Where the spines grow long and sharp,
In and out of their leafy homes
With dexterous wings they dart.

Selecting this secluded spot
Their innocent brood to secrete,
Fearing some ruthless boys should come,
That thorns might pierce his feet.

Oft' they perch on the roof's high peak,
Or screened in the depths of the bower,
Their thrilling notes waft by the breeze,
Chanting many an hour.

Eureka, Eureka, they say,
Then seeming, Chewink, Chewink,
Seize it, Seize it, comes loud and shrill,
A love song with them, we think.

But in this we will not attempt
To give the sweet tone of their voice;
Come here and listen yourself,
And in chorus we will rejoice.

Wealth a Delusion

MAN struggling here on earth for wealth,
Oft' deems the soul of little weight,
The world bestows its sweetest smile
On those possessing great estate.

Virtues of most momentous worth
Are passed unnoticed by the throng,
Chasing the empty bubble—wealth,
That earthly joys might be prolonged.

But, Oh, if man could only see
The ultimate of such a strife,
He then would cease from hoarding wealth;
Prepare himself for higher life.

Aunt Sophy's Notable Experience

IN fancy these scenes I often review,
Fresh as it were only today;
Occurred years ago in a western town,
Resulting in quite an affray.
There came in our midst an audacious man,
Proclaiming new truths to relate
In opposition to our former views—
In regard to our future state.

He appealed to reason, begged us to think,
To lay superstition aside;
Would have us forsake our moth-eaten creeds,
Too long on them we 'd relied.
That all things exist through cause and effect
Had oft' been sufficiently proved;
The world was progressing, and soon would
From old theological grooves. [emerge

Said the pearly gates are swung open wide—
Saint Peter, his office resigned;
The inmates confined have returned to earth
And are having a joyful time.
'T was well for him it were n't days of yore,
When they, for humanity's sake,
And the good of our cause, consigned such men
To their doom—the fagot and stake.

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"In fancy these scenes I often review,
Fresh as it were only today."

Our people assembled determined to see
If some one might not be found,
Competent to refute this heterodox
And stifle his evil renown.
Soon they engaged a divine from the East—
Announced their intentions afar—
To completely subvert statements afloat,
Intending our doctrines to mar.

Elated with hope, the hour had arrived,
The church was illumined and in trim;
The speaker appeared as calm as a judge,
Our hopes were all centered in him.
He arose to speak, amidst deafening cheers,
Which appeared to me out of place
In a house set apart for sacred use,
I claim it an open disgrace.

Now and then there are times, you all well know,
Things scarcely pan out as we plan;
And oft' when my thoughts revert to that night,
As it were, I dumfounded stand.
The preacher remarked when the cheering ceased,
"I 've something I wish to explain,
And when you good people have heard me thro',
You scarce will hold me to blame.

I wish to relate, if not out of place,
An incident seeming strange,
Of a spiritual seance on my way here,
Which caused my opinion to change.
My soul is now filled with radiant joy,
Much brighter my pathway has grown;
I view things now in a far different light
Than when I departed from home."

But here his remarks were suddenly checked,
The deacon seized hold of the man;
I never before had seen him enraged—
"*You cease,*" was his earnest demand.
I was startled completely out of my wits,
Such bedlam I never had heard;
Yet the speaker vainly tried to explain,
But the tumult drowned his words.

It seemed at that critical moment,
Apollyon with his imps combined,
Had gathered at that holy of holies,
To enjoy an old fashioned time.
Relief from my distracted senses
I prayed might speedily come;
'T was answered in the form of a sailor,
His barg overflowing with rum.

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"But here his remarks were suddenly checked,
The deacon seized hold of the man."

Stalking in with the air of a monarch
As he swung wide open the door,
With a look that bespoke his assurance
That any and all he could floor.
"Desist instanter this senseless clamor,
You boisterous land-lubber crew!"
His dreaded presence produced a dead calm,
As each this fierce sailor knew.

Seems as though providence sent him to quell
That shameful refractory scene,
The deacon mutely returned to his pew,
Then outward all was serene.
The speaker then to the pulpit returned—
Assured he would not be disturbed
While relating his stay at the seance,
Of the wondrous scenes that occured.

He spoke of the many bright spirits that came,
Of his mother's loving embrace;
Great was his joy as he gazed on her form
Endowed with such beauty and grace.
His narration displayed pathos and warmth,
Disdain now gave place to revere;
Resulting in all the angels desired,
For even the deacon shed tears.

This unsought and unrivaled occurrence
  Proved a blessing to us in disguise,
It aroused us and set us to thinking—
  Dispelling the mist from our eyes.
Was the means of converting the deacon,
  And much to his efforts we owe
In advancing this new philosophy,
  That the world its grandeur might know.

Youthful Guidance

THIS world is filled with crooks and turns,
  And bypaths without number,
Through which oft' youths are led astray,
  'T were best in bed they slumber.
At least, at home with useful books,
  Which essential lessons yield,
That they a hopeful course may take
  Through earth's prospective field.

Christian Science

CHRISTIAN Science—much truth it lacks,
'T is a misnomer, plain to see—
As science is a group of facts
From myths and fancies strictly free.

Offspring from an artful Eddy
As round and round the current moves,
Like a whirlpool, never ready
To advance and onward move.

Constant searching amidst debris
That 's floated down from ancient time,
Vainly striving their course to see
Through the mist which fogs their mind.

It seemeth sad this tender brood
Has wandered from its mother church,
Half-fledged and in a doltish mood,
Too weak to reach the free-thought perch.

In time they 'll gain more strength of mind,
They then will drop their present guide
And boldly seek the truth to find
In fields of thought far-reaching, wide.

Growth of the Soul

THE most important thing of all
In this, your earth career—
In fact it constitutes your *all*
Within the higher sphere.

More precious far than vaults of gold
That man so strives to gain;
It is unfoldment of the soul
That you should here obtain.

If you would lasting joy secure
Throughout eternity,
Your thoughts and actions must be pure—
From earth's defilements free.

In concert with bright angels then
You 'll walk this earthly plane;
To you assistance they will lend
That you true knowledge gain.

You ne'er need strive to gain from creeds
The growth you here most need,
But through unselfish noble deeds
You only can succeed.

Home

HOME is the germ of earth's progress,
Fount of childhood joy,
The kindergarten of success
To every girl and boy.
'T is home which gives our country fame,
Which makes it weak or strong;
Degrades, or gives an honored name
Amidst this earthly throng.

'T is where young men and maidens too,
First start to reach life's goal,
And form opinions what to do
To aid them to unfold
In truth's most clear and wholly light,
With motives pure and high,
That they be guided here aright—
All evil thus defy.

In truth, the home is where life buds
Must blast, or rightful bloom;
Must safely clear life's darksome floods,
Or meet their earthly doom.
How needful then that parents should
With care their offspring guide,
That in their paths no evil cloud
Their youthful lives betide.

Occult Healing

REMOTE as history penetrates,
In our research we find
This healing method has been known
And practiced by mankind.
It matters not by what name called
By nations, sects, or clans;
Whether christian, or magnetic,
Or laying on of hands.

Results are just the same you 'll find
Regardless where or when,
As angel bands are ever near,
Assistance us to lend.
Since they left this earthly realm
Many this mission fill;
Have learned the laws to heal mankind
Of many aches and ills.

Man's Unfoldment

MAN, like all substance in nature,
Result of immutable law,
Through classified course unfolding
In successive change without flaw.
Our backward gaze in the mirror
Reflecting the scenes of the past,
Through highway of time reviewing,
While fragments there scattered we grasp.

With care replace them together,
Which make up the being called Man,
As through the dim distant ages
His course of unfoldment we scan.
How, step by step, he ascended
From his crude protoplasmic state,
'Til through the archway of heaven
The angels now beckoning, wait.

Down his long, intricate pathway
  Where we retrospectively gaze,
Now cease, and turn to the future
  And see what before him there lays,
If he but put forth an effort,
  Determined that he will succeed
Through motives imbued with honor,
  And a life of unselfish deeds.

Brighter and brighter his path will grow
  In grandeur and usefulness, too,
As nobler truths light up his course,
  And with flowers of gladness strew;
As none can reach life's honored heights
  Through by-paths of leisure and sloth,
Which lead through sloughs of mental decay,
  Detarding the soul in its growth.

Fog-Land

WE are passing now through Fog-Land,
The mist hangs dense and low;
Most cautiously some grope their way—
They scarce know where to go.

Guide-boards and books are numerous,
Pointing the surest route;
But oft' befogged, they are compelled
To halt, and face about.

Ways that lead to elysian fields,
Where happy souls are blessed,
Are said to be in numbers great,
A million—more or less.

And each one claims their course the best,
And all the rest untrue;
Now let me give you my advice,
And what is best to do.

Throw all the isms in one heap,
As garments now outgrown,
And follow e'er where reason leads,
If forced to go alone.

Then when you leave this misty sphere,
From earthly fetters free,
You 'll find yourself far in advance
Of those on bended knee.

Labor Day

FROM out the year the choicest day,
One of display and recreation;
Ye builders of this mighty nation,
Free to act and have your say
This independent holiday.

A day that you can call your own;
No boss this day can dictate you
Nor say what he would have you do,
Oft' in harsh, demanding tone,
As of some chattel you he owned.

This day you demonstrate your power;
Show to the world what you can do
As honest, free men, brave and true;
Your strength increasing hour by hour,
Henceforth, to none you need to cower.

To syndicates and trusts we 'd say—
Selfish combines of worldly greed,
To want and discord sowing seed—
Your vaunt of wealth you 'll cease display,
Deprived of your unjustly sway.

Retribution is near at hand,
'T is just that all have equal rights;
For it you strive with all your might,
Ye fraternal and peerless band,
The bone and sinew of this land.

Providence

PROVIDENCE when rightly defined,
Omnipotence from it removed,
Divested of its potent divine,
Accepting just what can be proved.
It then a true lesson will teach,
That man on this temporal stage,
A right understanding must reach,
As he on adversities wage.

He then will be led by reason's guide,
E'er drink at the fountain of light;
On life's placid waters will glide,
And ever be governed by right.
The myths of religion will flee,
Man will then think for himself;
From ancient legends ever free,
As they will be laid on the shelf.

Ancestral Caste

AWAY! ancestral caste, away!
Abandon thoughts of high, or low,
Merit only should have the say;
Then each may have a rightful show.
As Burns well said "a man 's a man,"
It matters not his hue or birth,
The mind 's the standard of the man,
Intrinsic goodness is his worth.

There should be no distinction here
Except in growth of mind or soul,
As each are of this earthly sphere,
That man his highest gifts unfold.
A paradise, this world would be,
Conformed to brotherhood of man;
From selfishness would then be free,
Joy then would reign throughout the land.

Toil and Slothfulness

MAN'S toil and energy converge
To strengthen nerve and brain;
Like fermentation, oft refines,
And helps you strength maintain;
Not only strength to body gives,
But vigor to the mind;
A perfect being it promotes—
At least is thus inclined.

What contrast seen in slothfulness,
To ease and pleasure bent,
Who aimless wander through the world
In idleness content;
And draw their daily sustenance
From those of honest gain,
Who have from brain and muscles wrought,
Their being to sustain.

Essential Requirements

IN passing through this primal state
'T is well that you should know,
Of life beyond, what there awaits
From deeds while here below.

The course you take while living here,
Important you will find;
You can but reach a higher sphere
Through purity of mind.

In your advance to higher grade
From out a lower class,
Must show a certain progress made,
Ere you 're allowed to pass.

Then your best faculties unfold,
Of goodness, truth, and right,
'T is this that gives you growth of soul,
And floods your course with light.

In Solitude

MUCH comfort is gained through the journey of life
Amidst the commotion, tumult and strife,
To withdraw from the world, in solitude sit,
Through inspiring hopes your pathway is lit.
To enter your sanctum, the abode of love,
There, in communion with angels above—
Receiving courage, assistance, and grace
To strengthen you in life's battles to face.

When the ocean of life is beat to a foam,
Confused you falter, the right course unknown—
Mid the roar of the winds, and the surge of the waves,
They stand by your side, the conflict to brave.
Or amid life's calm and unruffled seas,
When the storm 's ceased, and you are at ease,
They will assist in the growth of your soul,
That you in the light of truth may unfold.

Most freely will aid, if thus you desire, [inspire;
With their pure noble thoughts they you will
But you first must evince a longing to know,
And where truth leads, should be willing to go;
Perhaps beaten paths you will need to forsake
As more advanced thought in you they awake;
Then brighter and brighter earth's course will grow,
As on you new truths they gladly bestow.

The Bridge O'er the River of Death

SINCE the bridge that spans the River of Death,
With cable complete, and network strong,
The aged boatman has little to do
With his craft he has guided so long.

The angel hosts from the other shore
Who have stood and beckoned so long,
Now come to us in their white flowing robes,
As escorts to that heavenly throng.

No fear have we now of that darksome stream,
Nor doubtful stroke of the boatman's oar
Amid the restless waves and current strong,
In his aim to reach the other shore.

In our pathway shines a light from on high
Which dispels from the mind every fear,
And the bridge that now spans the River of Death
Is the course to a region most dear.

Harmony is Heaven

HARMONY—the only heaven
That man will ever find—
May search throughout the universe,
It rests within the mind.

If in heaven you wish to be,
Commence at once to build
Within the recess of your mind,
And see this course you fill.

Should cultivate a temper mild,
And love for every soul;
Let wisdom guide each step you take
If you would here unfold.

As growth of goodness and of mind,
Are gateways to that state,
'T is well that you commence at once,
Improvement here to make.

You ne'er must think to reach that plane
Where purity exists,
If you neglect essential growth
In your sojourn in this.

Nor would depend too much on prayer,
Or on borrowed staffs incline,
As the intrinsic growth within
Is heaven, you will find.

Liberty

WITH gladsome emotion my heart oft' beats,
When these thoughts are brought to my mind,
When each as a friend will greet those they meet
With a warmth both noble and kind.
That none will attempt, nor wish to control
But an equal share of earth's joys.
In love and equality man then will unfold,
Discarding the baser alloy.

All of mankind have an unbounded right
To think and to do as they choose,
So their pathway be lit by reason's light—
Providing no rights they abuse.
Then love's golden chain will be without end,
Encircling the children of earth;
Each to the other a helping hand lend
Regardless of country or birth.

It is then the old liberty bell will ring,
Resounding the freedom of man;
No longer coerced by commands that oft' sting
As those of the tyrants demand.
Never more to kings or priests will he cower,
Nor hence the slave of another;
But equal in rights and equal in power—
Equal as that of a brother.

You Are Not Alone

AS through life's changeful course you move
From childhood to the grave,
In lowly walks or stately heights,
Or tossed by ocean wave,
Your angel friends are by your side
No matter where you roam,
To render aid when e'er they can—
Thus you are not alone.

When clouds of sorrow cross your path
And life seems dark and drear,
And hope seems swallowed up in grief—
'T is then they gather near;
And with their cheering presence bring
Comfort within your home,
As they impress you with this truth
That you are not alone.

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